Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at Sea) I have named so,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be mannerd as she is borne.
Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.
Per. I beleeve you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till she be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't ; so I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.
Dion. I have one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.
Per. Madame, my thankes and prayers.
Cleon. We'l bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heaven.
Per. I will embrace your offer, come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke too your little Mistres, on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa

Cer. Madame, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I will remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy

holy gods, I cannot rightly sa
ded Lord, I neere shall see ag
to, and never more have joy
Cer. Madam, if this you p
Dianaes Temple is not dista
Where you may abide till yo
Moreover if you please, a N
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompence is t
Yet my good will is great, t
Enter
Gower. Imagine *Pericles*
Welcomd and setled to his
His woefull Queene we le
Vnto *Diana* there's a Vota
Now to *Marina* bend your
Whom our fast growing so
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* t
In musickes letters, who ha
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the
Of generall wonder : but a
That monster Envy oft th
Of earned praise, *Marina*
Seeke to take off by treaso
And in this kinde, our *Cle*
One daughter and a full g
Even ripe for marriage fi
Hight *Philoten* : and it is
For certaine in our story,
Would ever with *Marina*
Beet when they weavde
With fingers long, small,
Or when she would with
The Cambricke which s
By hurting it, or when t
She sung and made the

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